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By

Skit Number One - "Medley"

FATZ: Hello, hello, hello and welcome to Magic Night here at ShowBiz Pizza. Now you're all probably wonderin' to yourself or to the people next to you, in which case, they're probably tellin's ya to quit wonderin' so loud in their ears so they can enjoy the show and also understand exactly what I'm tryin' to tell you now, which is this...

DOOK: What??!?

FATZ: (ANGRY) You got a problem Dook? What do you mean screamin' "What" in the middle of my little speech there when I was on a roll and everything?!

DOOK: Well, Fatz, you weren't makin' any sense.

FATZ: Well, I hadn't said anything, yet.

DOOK: I know. That's what I mean. You talk, but you don't say nothin!

FATZ: Well, I'm about to, if you'll just let me.

DOOK: (STILL CONFUSED) Okay, man, go ahead, I'm just tryin' to keep the flow going. That's all. No big deal.

FATZ: Well, uh, anyway, back to what I was sayin'. You see from time to time we like to put themes together for our shows just to add a little spice of continuity, if ya know what I mean. And the theme for this particular show happens to be magic. Now you may be sayin' to yourself, "Hey, so what, I don't like magic -- I hate card tricks -- and birds that disappear bore me to death." Well, you are certainly entitled to your opinion, however, just to put your mind at ease, we are not going to attempt to perform any magic tricks on this stage at this time. Because quite honestly, none of us here are certified and bonifide magicians.

MITZI: What about Rolfe -- he's a ventriloquist?

FATZ: Now, Mitzi, don't be callin' Rolfe any names. That's not nice, and besides, he can't help what he is.

B BEAR: No, Fatz, you don't understand, you see, a ventriloquist is somebody who can make their voice seem like it's comin' from someplace else.

FATZ: Yeah...so?

DOOK: So Rolfe over there makes his voice seem like it's comin' from Earl's mouth and that's kinda like doin' magic.

FATZ: (DISBELIEVING) You tryin' to tell me that when Earl talks, it's really Rolfe's voice?

DOOK: Yeah! Exactly!

EARL: (CURTAINS OPEN AS EARL SPEAKS) Hey, I don't know what you guys are tryin' to pull over there but listen up -- I am me and Rolfe is Rolfe and that is that! Understand??!?

DOOK: Hey Earl? We didn't mean to hurt your feelings or anything. We're just tryin' to explain that Rolfe is a ventriloquist and you're supposed to be a dummy.

EARL: Aahhhhhh!!! Now you're really making me mad!

ROLFE: Hey Earl - don't over react!

EARL: (MAD) Who's over reacting!

ROLFE: You are. Let's face it, every sound and every gesture that you make comes from me.

EARL: Yeah!?!! Prove it!

ROLFE: Okay, I will. Earl, why don't you tell the folks here how long you've been in show business.

(SILENCE -- NO REACTION FROM EARL)

ROLFE: (IMPATIENTLY) Well, I'm waiting.

(SILENCE)

ROLFE: Earl.

(SILENCE)

ROLFE: Earl, I said I'm waiting.

EARL: Well, you're gonna be waiting all night Rolfe. Cause I ain't gonna answer your silly question. Comprendez, el big nose?

ROLFE: Whatever you say, Earl.

EARL: Exactly, whatever I say. (TURNS TO ROCKAFIRE) I rest my case. Now close these curtains.

FATZ: Now hold on there, Earl. Don't close your curtains just yet, we gotta medley to do and uh, Billy Bob, we're gonna need you and Looney Bird for this, so go on and get yourselves out here.

(RIGHT STAGE OPENS)

FATZ: Now we got three songs for ya in this medley -- "Magical Mystery Tour", "Black Magic Woman" and, uh, "Magic Carpet Ride." And for those of you who are payin' particularly close attention -- be on the look out for our subtle and effective use of the theme magic in these here songs. Okay? Okay. Let's do it.

SONG: "Medley"

Skit Number Two - "That Ol' Black Black Magic"

FATZ: Continuing with our magic theme for ya, Mitzi and I are gonna sing one of my particular favorites called "That Ol' Black Magic". Now there is a special story that comes to mind every time I sing this song and since we are, in fact, about to sing this little ditty for ya, I thought it would be fitting if I were to...uh...uh...

MITZI: Tell us the story?

FATZ: Exactly! Now, let's see, uh, not long ago, there were these two, uh, very very nasty mean old witches. Oooh boy, were they mean. They were so mean, that people used to walk up to 'em and say "Whew! You sure do look mean -- I bet you two don't go out on many double dates." Well, these two witches were used to that kind of talk and, in fact, they kinda liked it, you know, all the attention and everything. Well, one day, the two witches were snooping around this little village and....

MITZI: Fatz?

FATZ: Yeah?

MITZI: What were their names?

FATZ: Names?

MITZI: Yeah! What were the witches' names?

FATZ: Uh, well, uh, these witches didn't have no names.

DOOK: No names??!? How could that be? They had to have some kinda names. Everybody's got a name.

FATZ: Yeah, that's true. But these witches didn't. At least not in <u>this</u> story. They were just called the two witches. The two mean and nasty old witches.

DOOK: Oh, come on Fatz. They couldn't have been called just "the two mean and nasty old witches." They <u>had</u> to have names. I bet you just forgot.

FATZ: Do you wanna tell this story or are you gonna let <u>me</u> tell the story the way <u>I</u> know it.

DOOK: You can tell the story Fatz. I'm sorry, go on.

FATZ: That's better. Now, you see these two witches, whose names, by the way, were sooo scary that if you ever heard 'em you'd...uh...you'd probably scream cause they were scary names — real scary. Ooooh, boy, it just gives me goose bumps thinking of how scary those names were. Well, anyway, you see, these two witches with real scary names were snooping around this little village when they happened to see the farmer's daughter sittin under this big old oak tree all by herself.

DOOK: The farmer's daughter??! Didn't she have a name either?

FATZ: Nope. She was just called the farmer's daughter.

DOOK: Are you sure?

FATZ: Positive!

DOOK: Hmmmm...I don't know about this.

B BEAR: Actually Dook, Fatz is right about this one. You see, the farmer's daugher was in quite a few fairy tales just like this one. It was a matter of practice among story tellers some time ago.

FATZ: Well, now that we got that settled, when the farmer's daughter saw the two witches she was very startled.

MITZI: Is this gonna have a happy ending?

FATZ: Well, if ya'll will quit interrupting me for just a few minutes you'll find out. Now as I was sayin', the farmer's daughter was very startled because she knew the two witches could cast spells on people and that made her nervous. "How come you're sittin' under this tree all by yourself?" one of the witches asked. "Is something wrong?" "Well," replied the farmer's daughter, "actually there is. You see, I'm in love with a handsome young prince and he doesn't even know my name."

DOOK: That's because she doesn't have a name! How could he know it??!?

FATZ: Dook, please, this is only a story. Try to go along with it.

DOOK: I hope this is leading up to somethin' Fatz. Cause this story is dragging and I don't mind tellin' you that.

FATZ: Dook, have a little faith in me. You'll like the ending to this story, and so will the folks out there, if you let me finish.

DOOK: You got the floor, Fatz. Do what you want.

FATZ: Thank you. Now, these two clever witches could spot someone who needed a magic spell ten miles away, and the farmer's daughter was just such a person. "Would you like to marry this young prince?" one of the witches asked. "Of course," replied the young girl. "But that would never happen."
"If you can bring us one of your father's fat milking cows," the witch continued, "then we can make sure that handsome young prince will marry you the first time he lays eyes on you."

MITZI: (INTERRUPTING VERY EXCITEDLY) Oh! Oh! I know how this ends. The two witches give the farmer's daughter a magic love potion and then she gives it to the young prince to drink. And when he drinks it, he falls madly in love with her because he's under a spell that can't be broken. Right Fatz? Is that how it ends? Huh?

FATZ: (LONG PAUSE -- VERY DISAPPOINTED) Uh...yeah...that's one way of ending it.

MITZI: (STILL EXCITED) Well tell us your ending, Fatz! This is exciting!

DOOK: Yeah, Fatz. Tell your ending. Go on.

FATZ: Well, uh, it'd kinda be a little anti-climactic after Mitzi's big finale. I think I'll just go ahead and sing the song instead. It wasn't a very good story anyway.

MITZI: We'll have to tell more stories like this, Fatz. This was fun! Don't ya think?

FATZ: Oh yeah, yeah, lots of fun. Lots of fun.

SONG: "That Ol' Black Magic"

Skit Number Three - "The Magic Touch"

FATZ: And now Dook's gonna sing a song by the Platters called "The Magic Touch." Now I'm not tryin' to step on anybody's toes or nothin', but personally I feel that I should be singing this song and not Dook. But since I'm not one to deal in petty grudges, I'll turn the floor over to the man behind the drums.

DOOK: (OFFENDED) Whaddya mean, you should be singing this song??!?

FATZ: Well, it's obvious to me that since I have the magic touch, I should be singing this song.

DOOK: Shoot man! What are you talking about? They don't call me nimble fingers for nothin'! In fact, just last week (HOLDS UP HIS HANDS) I had these babies insured for a thousand bucks!

FATZ: Awww man, that ain't nothin'! The other day the President of the United States wrote me a letter sayin' he wanted a picture of my hands to hang in the Oval Office!

B BEAR: I can beat that. My hands and my pretty face were photographed to be on the covers of Newsweek, Time, Life and Rolling Stone! Top that!!

(PAUSES WHILE EVERYONE LOOKS AROUND)

MITZI: I won Double-Up Bingo at Winn Dixie.

SONG: "The Magic Touch"

Skit Number Four - "Little Arrows"

B BOB: Hi everybody! I hope you're enjoyin' all the good songs we have for ya in the Magic Show 'cause I sure am. But before we sing our next song, Looney Bird's gonna introduce a brand new segment of his called "Letters to Looney Bird" where he'll answer all kinds of questions that you all send in about us here at ShowBiz. So without any further delay -- here's Looney Bird!

L BIRD: Thanks Billy Bob for that great introduction, and now it's time for Letters to Looney Bird -- so here we go. (PAUSES AND CLEARS THROAT) Music please. (MUSIC FADES IN, ELECTRONIC SOUNDING SIMILAR TO TYPICAL TELEVISION NEWS THEMES) And now, ShowBiz Pizza Place proudly presents: "Letters to Looney Bird" -- an indepth look at characters, places (PAUSES, UNSURE OF HIMSELF) and even some other characters here at ShowBiz Pizza. Your host for today is none other than me, the world-renown, and also very famous, Looney Bird, respected throughout the world for my achievements in journalistic reporting and other stuff. Please stop the music. (MUSIC ENDS ABRUPTLY). Thank you. Our first letter is from seven year old Will Forester of Memphis, Tennessee. Will writes:

"Dear Looney Bird: How are you? I'm fine. Thank you for reading my letter. My older brother Jimmy said that you wouldn't. He's eleven. I'm mad at him right now because he stole my Captain Joe Combat Boots and my brand new Bag-O-Army Field Rations. He says he's going to eat the whole bag. I hope he does because they're made of plastic. My dog Pee Wee ate some last week and threw up, so we had to take him to the doctor. He's fine now and also says hello. Here is my question. It's for Billy Bob. How come when he walks around he wears shoes but when he's on stage he doesn't. Please explain this to me. I want to know very much. Love, Will."

L BIRD: (CONTINUED) Well, Billy Bob. Got an answer for that?

B BOB: Hmmmm, well, first I'd like to say to Will that that was a very good question, and I can tell that he must be a very observant young man. A lot of people would never have noticed that I don't wear shoes on stage and that I do when I'm walking around. The reason I like to go bare-footed when I'm singing is because my long toe nails keep me from falling off the stage. And when I'm walking around ShowBiz, I wear shoes because it's the polite thing to do when other people are eating. I hope this answers your question all right.

L BIRD: Thanks, Billy Bob. That was great. I never knew that thing about the shoes. I guess you learn something new every day. Well, that's it for this segment of "Letters to Looney Bird" so thanks Will, and remember to keep those questions coming. (TURNS TO BILLY BOB) Well, how was that? Did I do okay?

B BOB: You did just great Looney Bird! And now how 'bout a song?

L BIRD: (ENTHUSIASTICALLY) Yeah!

B BOB: Okay, everybody, to continue with the magic show, Looney Bird and I are gonna sing "Little Arrows" by _____.

SONG: "LITTLE ARROWS"

SKIT NUMBER FIVE - Medley: "ABRACADABRA & YOU CAN DO MAGIC"

FATZ: And now, continuing with our magic theme, I believe Dook's got a nice medley of songs for us. Is that right Dook?

DOOK: That's right, Fatz. I'm gonna sing "Abracadabra" by Steve Miller and "You Can Do Magic" by America.

MITZI: Hey! How come you get to sing both of those songs? That's not fair.

DOOK: 'Cause doin' the magic show was my idea, and besides, the boss said I could. Do I need any more of a reason than that?

(NO REPLY FROM MITZI AS SHE LOOKS TO FATZ FOR HELP)

FATZ: (TO MITZI) Welcome to the cut-throat world of fast food entertainment.

SONG: "Medley"

Skit Number Six - "Puff the Magic Dragon"

EARL: Hey, how are ya'll doin' out there? I hope you're enjoying the show! And now Rolfe and I are gonna do our part by singing a song that takes me back to my childhood. This is a song about a real friendly dragon that possessed all kinds of magical powers.

ROLFE: Hey, Earl, whaddya mean? I didn't know this song was about a magic dragon! Are you sure about this?

EARL: What are you, Rolfe? Some kinda nut? The song is called "Puff the Magic Dragon." Of course it's about a dragon!

ROLFE: Well, you don't have to get upset, Earl, I mean, just because there's the word dragon in the title, it doesn't mean that the whole song is about dragons.

EARL: Not dragons, Rolfe! A dragon -- Puff the Magic Dragon! Get it??!?

ROLFE: Well who would write a song about one dragon? That's ridiculous! I mean I could understand it if the song were about a family of dragons or a whole city of dragons, but not one dragon. Especially one that goes around doing card tricks and sawing people in half! I mean who ever heard of that?

EARL: No, no, no, Rolfe! This dragon doesn't do card tricks!

ROLFE: Well if he doesn't do card tricks, then he must not be a very good magician.

EARL: He's not a magician Rolfe! He's a magic dragon!

ROLFE: Well I don't care what he is. If he can't do a simple card trick then he's got no business trying to pass himself off as an entertainer. I bet he never worked Vegas!

EARL: (CALMLY) Rolfe, listen to me, and pay close attention to the words that come out of my mouth. Are you listening?

ROLFE: Yes.

EARL: (SLOWLY) If your brain was made into gasoline, it wouldn't be enough to make an ant's motorcycle -- (PAUSE) -- GO HALF WAY AROUND A CHEERIO!

ROLFE: (MISSING EVERYTHING) Is that a joke?

EARL: What do you think Rolfe??!?

ROLFE: I don't know. Is it?

EARL: (VERY IMPATIENTLY) Let's just sing the song, Rolfe. Okay?

ROLFE: What song?

EARL: Puff the Magic Dragon!!

ROLFE: Did I write it?

EARL: No, Rolfe, you didn't.

ROLFE: Well, then how will I know the words?

EARL: Read the cue cards, Rolfe, just read the cue cards!

SONG: "Puff, the Magic Dragon"

Skit Number Seven - "Magic"

FATZ: And now Mitzi's gonna do a little magic as she puts a spell on us with her enchanting rendition of the song "Magic" by Olivia Newton John.

B BEAR: Hey, Fatz, don't you think you're kinda carryin' the magic thing just a little too far?

FATZ: I'm just tryin' to set the mood here Beach, ya know, create a little ambiance.

MITZI: Ambiance? What's that?

FATZ: You know, uh, ambiance -- that's uh, that's when like a place has a, ya know, uh, a special thing, and they call it ambiance.

DOOK: You mean like a two-for-one special, or a buy-one-get-one-free special?

FATZ: No, no, no, Duke! I'ts nothin' like that. It's like when a place has a certain atmosphere, you know.

DOOK: Well, how do they get it?

FATZ: Uh....I don't know exactly. I suppose there's a place that sells it or something. I guess you could look in the yellow pages and find some people who would deliver it. But, uh, I don't know. I'll have to check that out. Anyway, you wanna go ahead and sing your little song there, Mitzi, and maybe afterwards we'll call up and order some take-out ambiance -- How's that sound?

MITZI: I hope so -- I'm starved!

FATZ: Hit it Boys!

SONG: "Magic"

SKIT Number Eight - <u>"Every Little Thing She Does Is Magic"</u>

FATZ: Hello, hello, hello and welcome back to the Magic Show here at ShowBiz Pizza. Now this next song certainly conjures up a special feeling of magic in my heart. It's called "Every Little Things She Does Is Magic" and it's by a band I'm sure you're all familiar with called The Police.

(RIGHT STAGE OPENS WITH LOONEY BIRD INTERRUPTING FATZ)

L BIRD: Hey Fatz! Hold on just a minute - before you play your next song would you mind if I did another segment of "Letters to Looney Bird"?

FATZ: Well I don't know Looney Bird. I like your show and everything, but I'm just about to sing a song and I'd like to use these few minutes for my own little introduction. Ya know it's not very often I get to visit with the audience here.

L BIRD: Well I'll be real quick and <u>besides</u> this next letter is written to you.

FATZ: It <u>is</u>?!? Well why didn't you say that in the <u>first</u> place! Go right ahead Looney Bird. Take <u>all</u> the time you want.

L BIRD: Thanks Fatz!

B BOB: See Looney Bird - all you had to do was ask politely. A few good manners go a <u>long</u> way.

L BIRD: (CLEARS THROAT IMPORTANTLY) Quiet on the set. Music please. (LETTERS TO LOONEY BIRD THEME MUSIC FADES UP) And now, ShowBiz Pizza Place proudly presents: "Letters to Looney Bird" -- and indepth look at characters, places and even some other characters here at ShowBiz Pizza. Your host for today is none other than me, the world renown, and also very famous Looney Bird, respected throughout the world for my achievements in journalistic reporting and other stuff. Please stop the music. (MUSIC ENDS ABRUPTLY) Thank you. This letter is from eight year old Debbie Hawkins of Jacksonville, Florida. Debbie writes:

(CONTINUED)

L BIRD: (CONTINUED) "Dear Looney Bird: I am writing you this letter because I have a crush on Fatz. But please don't tell him because I would just die. Could you find out how old he is so I can know what the chances are of us maybe going steady. I'm only eight but my daddy says I'm real mature for my age. Thank you very much. Love, Debbie Hawkins.

Well, Fatz. Do you have an answer for Debbie?

DOOK: (SARCASTICALLY) Will you go steady with me Fatz? I just love those big muscles and that dark wavy hair!

FATZ: Hey! Decrescendo on the sarcasm back there, <u>if</u> you don't mind. Now what was that, Looney Bird?

L BIRD: Debbie wants to know how old you are.

FATZ: Oh, that's right. Hmmmmm, well, how old do you think I am?

L BIRD: I don't know. Twenty, thrity, forty -- beats me!

FATZ: Well, take one of those, divide it by two and then add five -- and that's how old I am.

L BIRD: What?!?

DOOK: Come on -- be serious Fatz.

FATZ: Okay, okay. Just a little gorilla humor there. To tell you the truth, I am <u>exact - a lackly</u> presently and accounting for not more and not less than 29 years of faithful creative gorilla service to all ape-kind. (QUICKLY) That means I'm twenty-nine and not a day older.

DOOK: I thought you said that last year.

FATZ: I did. I was 29 last year and I'm 29 this year <u>and I'm gonna be 29 next year</u>.

DOOK: I don't get it Fatz -- how can you be 29 three years in a row?

FATZ: Well it's like this Dook. Ya see, every gorilla year accounts for three people years, so I still got two more years to go before I'm 30 -- get it?

DOOK: I never heard of gorilla years! Are you sure you're not making that up?

FATZ: Well you've heard of dog years, haven't you? One people year is supposed to equal seven dog years -- right?

DOOK: Yeah. So?

FATZ: Well, so, ya got your dog years, your gorilla years, your mouse years, your bear years, your bird years. Ya got all kinds of years, ya got your ground hog years, ya got your green-spotted snappin' turtle years, and ya even got your Tazmanian, leaf-eating, albino, pygmy gopher years --

L BIRD: (INTERRUPTING) Tazmanian What?!?

DOOK: (SLIGHTLY ANNOYED) That's enough Fatz -- I got the point.

FATZ: And ya got your walrus years, ya got your antelope years.

DOOK: We get the picture, Fatz.

FATZ: Ya got your horny toad years, ya got your pregnant guppy years, your silver-tongued, tree-climbing, sticky-toed, little bitty baby water buffalo years, which, by the way, are required to hibernate during the first month of every other year for a couple of weeks, unless, of course, they have a note from their mommas.

B BOB: A note from their mommas?

L BIRD: Of course!

B BOB: (TO LOONEY BIRD) How'd you know that?

L BIRD: (MATTER OF FACTLY) Well, it only stands to reason.

FATZ: Sure, Billy Bob. Some things are just common sense.

B BOB: Well, it's just that....

FATZ: (INTERRUPTS) Didn't you ever take biology in high school?

B BOB: Well, yeah, but ---

L BIRD: Surely you remember having to study all about the hibernating patterns of the baby water buffalo?

B BOB: (SKEPTICALLY) Well, I guess, but --

FATZ: You guess?!? Don't you remember?!

B BOB: Well, now that you mention it, I uh, — i'ts kinda coming back to me. Weren't the baby water buffalo also known for their...

FATZ: (INTERRUPTING) Will that about do it for your little show there Looney Bird?

L BIRD: Yeah, Fatz. Thanks for helping me out. And thanks for answering Debbie's question.

FATZ: Don't mention it, Looney Bird. Any time.

B BOB: Hey you guys! Aren't we still gonna talk about the baby water buffalo -- I was just kinda remembering some stuff...

L BIRD: (INTERRUPTING) What's the matter with you Billy Bob? We're finished talking about that. Boy, you've been slow all day -- are you feeling okay?

B BOB: Yeah, I guess so. Why?

FATZ: If ya'll don't mind, I'd appreciate it if you'd finish that conversation elsewhere — I've got a song to do.

L BIRD: Sure Fatz. (CURTAINS CLOSE)

B BOB: (AS CURTAINS ARE CLOSING) Actually, I have been feeling a little under the weather -- I didn't think it showed.

FATZ: I'd like to dedicate this next song to little Debbie Hawkins -- where ever she may be.

SONG: "EVERY LITTLE THING SHE DOES IS MAGIC"

THE ROCK-AFIRE EXPLOSION
MAGIC NIGHT SHOWTAPE SCRIPT

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